

THE  
WINCHESTER GARLAND, *K*

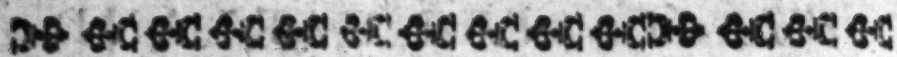
Beautified with several choice

New Songs.

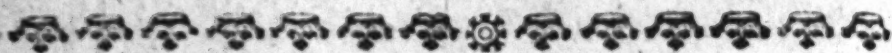
- I. *Lusty Ralph of Reading's Marriage with bonny Black Bess.*
- II. *The Winchester Christning, the Sequel of the Winchester Wedding.*
- III. *The Merchant's Son of Turk, and a Beggar-wench that came from Hull.*



*Licensed and entered according to Order.*



The *Winchester* GARLAND, &c.



*Lusty Ralph's Marriage with black Bess.*

**A**T *Winchester* was a Wedding,  
The Like was never seen,  
'Twixt *lusty Ralph* of *Reading*,  
And bonny black *Bess* of the Green.

The Fiddlers went crowding before,  
Eace *Lals* was as fine as a Queen;  
There was a Hundred or more,  
For all the Country came in.



*Brisk Robin* led *Rose* so fair,  
She look'd like a Lilly o'th'Vale;  
And ruddy fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,  
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.  
With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,  
He help'd her over the Stile,  
And swore there was none so pretty,  
In forty and forty long Mile.

*Kit* gave a Green Gown to *Betty*,  
And lent her his Hand for to rise;  
But *Jenny* was jeared by *Watty*,  
For looking blue under the Eyes:  
Thus merrily Chatting all,

They pass'd to the Bride House along,  
With *Johnny* and pretty fac'd *Nanny*,  
The fairest of all the Throng.

Then

The Bridegroom came to meet 'em,  
 Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,  
 And usher'd 'em in to treat them,  
 With baked, roasted, and boil'd.  
 The Lads were Frolick and Jolly,  
 For each had his Love by his Side,  
 But *Willy* was melancholy,  
 For he had a Mind to the Bride.

Then *Philip* begins her good Health,  
 And turns his Beer-Glass on his Thumb,  
 But *Fenkin* was rated for drinking,  
 The best in the Christendom.  
 And now they had din'd, advancing  
 Into the midst of the Hall,  
 The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,  
 And *Jeremy* led up the Ball.

But *Margery* kept a Quarter,  
 A Lass that was Proud of her Pelf  
 'Cause *Arthur*, had stolen her Garter,  
 And swore he would tie it himself:  
 She struggl'd and blush'd and frown'd,  
 And ready with anger to cry,  
 'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,  
 Had slip't up his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,  
 The Bride away was led,  
 The Bridegroom got drunk, was knocking  
 For Candle to light 'em to Bed;  
 But Robin that found him silly,  
 Most friendly took him aside,  
 The while that his Wife with *Willy*,  
 Was playing at Hoopers hide.

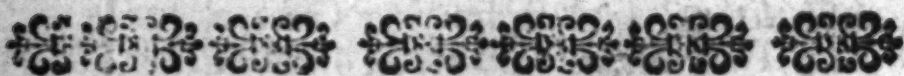


And now the warm Game begins,  
 The critical Minute was come,  
 And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,  
 Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,  
 And blith as a Bird in the Spring:  
 And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,  
 And wedded her with a Rush Ring.

*Sucky* that danc'd with the Cushion,  
 An Hour from the Room had been gone,  
 And *Barnaby* knew her by blushing,  
 That some other Dance had been done:

And thus of fifty fair Maids  
 That came to the Wedding with Men,  
 Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,  
 That so did return again.



The *Winchester* Christning: or, the Sequel of the  
*Winchester* Wedding.

To the Tune of, *The Hemp-dresser*,  
**T**HE Sun hath loos'd his weary Team,  
 And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;  
 Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptune's* Stream,  
 His *Thetis* was embracing:

The Stars tripp'd into the Firmament;  
 Like Maids on a *May-day*;  
 Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent;  
 Or School-boys on a Play-day.

A Pace .

A Pace came on the grey-ey'd Morn,  
 The Herds in Fields were lowing;  
 Amongst the Poultry in the Barn,  
 The Plough-man's Cock sat crowing:]  
 When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,  
 Was wak'd by a Rout, Sir,  
 For *Cissy* told him, he needs must rise,  
 His *Fuggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half so quickly Cups go round,  
 At Taping good Ale Firkin;  
 As *Roger* Hosen and Shoon had found,  
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin:  
 Grey Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,  
 With Pillion on Buttock right, Sir,  
 And thus he to an old Midwife rode,  
 To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir,

Up, up, dear Mother, then *Roger* cries,  
 The Fruit of my Labour's now come;  
 In *Fuggy's* Belly it sprawling lies,  
 And cannot get out 'till you come.  
 I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'er doubt,  
 Thy *Fug* shall be well again Boy;  
 I'll get the Urchin as safely out,  
 As ever it did get in Boy.

The Mare now bustles with all her Feet,  
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting:  
 At last into the good House they got,  
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:  
 A Female Chit so small was born,  
 They put it into a Flagon;  
 And must be christn'd that very Morn,  
 For fear it should die a Pagan

Now

Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,  
 As great as the Prince of *Condy*;  
 The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,  
 But they will grow larger one Day:  
 What though her Thighs and Legs lies close,  
 And little as any Spider;  
 They will when up to her Teens she grows,  
 Be strong and will lie wider.

And now the merry spic'd Bowls went round,  
 The Gossips were void of shame too;  
 In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,  
 Demands the Infant's Name too,  
 Some call'd it *Phyll*, some *Floriday*,  
 But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint;  
 For she would have it *Cunicula*;  
 'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.  
 Thus *Cuny* of *Winchester* was known,  
 And famous in *Kent* and *Dover*;  
 And highly in *London Town*,  
 And courted the Kingdom over:  
 The Charms of *Cuny* by Sea and Land,  
 Subdues each human Creature;  
 And will our stubborn Hearts Command,  
 Whilst there is a Man, or Nature.

*The Merchant's Son of York: and a Beggar-wench  
 that came from Hull.*

*Tune of Oxfordshire Lady.*

Y Oung Gallants all, I pray you draw near:  
 And you this pleasant Jest shall hear,  
 How a poor Beggar-wench of *Hull*,  
 The Merchant's Son of *Tork* did gull.

One



One Morning on a certain Day,  
 He cloath'd himself in rich Array,  
 And took with him as I am told,  
 The Sum of sixty Pounds in Gold.

So mounted on his prancing Steed,  
 He towards *Hull* did ride with Speed,  
 Where in his Way he chanc'd to see,  
 A Beggar-wench of base Degree.

She asked him some Relief,  
 And said, with seeming Tears of Grief,  
 That she had neither House nor Home,  
 But for her Living forc'd to roam.

He seem'd to lament her Case,  
 And said, thou hast a pretty Face,  
 And if thou'lt lodge with me, he cry'd,  
 With Gold thou shalt be satisfy'd.

Her silence seem'd to give Consent.  
 So to a little House they went,  
 The Landlord laugh'd to see him kiss,  
 The Beggar-wench, and ragged Miss.

He needs would have a Supper dress'd,  
 And call'd for Liquor of the best,  
 And there they took off Bumpers free,  
 The Jovial Beggar-wench and he.

A Dose she gave him as 'tis thought;  
 Which by the Landlady was brought;  
 For all the Night he lay in Bed,  
 Secure as if he had been dead.

Then

Then did she put on all his Cloaths,  
His Coat, his Breaches, Shoes, and Hose,  
His Hat and Perriwig likewise,  
And seiz'd upon the Golden Prize.

Her greasy Pettycoat and Gown,  
In which she rambl'd up and down,  
She left the Merchant's Son in lieu,  
Her Bag of Bread, and Bacon too.

Down Stairs like any Spark she goes,  
Ten Guineas to the Host she throws,  
At which she smil'd, she went her way,  
And ne'er was heard of to this Day.

When he had taken his long Repose,  
He look'd about and miss'd his Cloaths;  
And all her Rags left in the Room,  
How did he storm, nay fret and fume.

Yet wanting Cloaths and Friends in Town.  
Her ragged Petticoat and Gown,  
He did put on, and mounted strait,  
Bemoaning his unhappy Fate.

10. JULY. 52

You would have laugh'd to see the Dress  
Which he was in; yet, ne'er the less,  
He homeward rode, and often swore,  
He'd never kiss a Beggar more.

F I N I S